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The New York Saturday Press.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,
Editor and Publisher.

HAUNTED.

I know a house of somewhat ancient date;
Of quaint design and very curious build;
With nooks, and corners, and odd closets filled.
And numerous relics of its former state.

Its mangy roof is green with moss;
And dormers, like great eyes, look out each side;
With windows, wide and dark, and wide,
Look down, like vipers, strongly barred across.

The mansion fact is falling to decay,
From long disease and want of timely care
To keep it in a state of good repair.
And so it piecemeal slowly drops away.

Along its dim, dusky corridors
The cobwebs hang in undisturbed festoons;
And the old, dark, silent, silent, afternoons,
Strangle about the dusky oaken floors.

Once gilded stately dames in proud attire,
And trembling tones of harpsichord and lyre
Resounded through those halls in other days.

A lady of great wealth and high degree,
The legend says, in her, in those days,
Was haunted, almost to a cherry red, by the decaying leaves

"Tis said the spirit still is seen at night,
In the walls, or gliding o'er the lawn.
But, with the first approach of early dawn,
It fades away as stains before the light.

There has then fact most carefully concealed
Her tale of joy or sorrow, love or hate;
And that the secret of her haughty fate
Is a secret, never yet revealed.

The garden walls with rustic wreaths about,
And thorns and brambles here luxuriate;
Rust, too, has wrested with the iron gate,
And thrown it ruthlessly upon the ground.

Upon that ancient house there seems a blight;
No voice is ever heard within its walls;
No footstep is ever heard, but the silence
That silence fills every one with fright.

Along those silent, monodious passageways,
Once gilded stately dames in proud attire;
And trembling tones of harpsichord and lyre
Resounded through those halls in other days.

A lady of great wealth and high degree,
The legend says, in her, in those days,
Was haunted, almost to a cherry red, by the decaying leaves

hidden that lay in its deeper pools.

A shallow, dusky sheet poured over portions of the

dam—which many “freshets” had worn and eaten

away in places—while here and there a slowly revolving “whirlpool,” which sucked under whatever floated within its devouring reach, showed that there were holes in the sub-structure of the work through which large quantities of water found their way.

The child had last been noticed carelessly venturing within the influence of one of these “whirlpools,” and a boat that was fastened near the spot was soon rowed to it. The boat, containing three of the men, floated slowly around and around. They thrust a long pole, armed with a spike, and commonly used amongst the logs, down to the bottom of the pond; they prodded with it amongst the half-buried timbers of the dam; they peered into the dark depths of the water, but with no result.

All this time the woman ran moaning and bewailing up and down the bank; and the father, upon the dam, struggled with the stream in the insane agony of despair.

They had not given up the search, but the task seemed hopeless.

Presently the door of one of the small cabins opened, and an old—a very old—man came forth.

“It’s his grandfather,” said one of the men to me.

“What good can ‘Crazy John’ do?” said another.

“Johnny’s drowned! Your Johnny’s drowned!” cried the woman, “and these men do nothing to get me out my child! He’s drowned! He’s drowned!”

One of the men dived from the boat, and presently rose with his hands full of weeds and water-grasses from the bottom of the pond.

The man upon the dam, with another long, spiked pole, was thrusting wildly at the ‘depths of the water above where he clung.

“He went in swimming, hey!” said the old man; “and you’re none of you thought to throw in his shirt! Throw in my Johnny’s shirt, and it will find him!”

“Go into the house, old man, and don’t bother here,” said one of the men.

“The last thing he wore, if he is drowned, will find him! Throw in his shirt!” said “Crazy John.”

“Throw it in, and it will find him!”

The woman ceased her running up and down, and silently took the little shirt from where it lay on the log, and threw it in. Then all stood still gazing at the garment, save only the father upon the dam; he continued his wild and useless efforts.

The shirt slowly approached the whirlpool, into which—after many revolutions—near and nearer the centre, and each one more rapid than the last—it was then it whirled rapidly ‘round and ‘round, and disappeared.

But one man, in the boat, who had kept his face near the surface, shading it with his broad hands and peering downwards, made a sudden, nervous gesture, for the pole. It was handed him, and, with a slow, cautious motion, he thrust it downwards.

“He sees the white shirt shining through the water,” said the old man, “and he has found my Johnny!”

The man thrusts downwards with the pole, twisted it once or twice, and drew it slowly up. At its lower end was a white, and body, with long, dark, and tangled hair streaming about the cheeks, and clinging about it was the little shirt, which had done its errand well.

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peoples' houses, as I am told, and tolerably rich, as I hope, it is just possible that he may prefer to throw into the shade some parts of his earlier career. Still, even at the risk of offending him, I cannot help repeating the last scene of our contact: It is so characteristic of all parties concerned.

In the Spring of '54 I was invited by two very fine specimens of Young New York, then flourishing largely in Paris, to accompany them over the Channel, to see the Derby, and other varieties of the British elephant. They were under the grievous mistake of supposing me to be a fast man, like themselves, and would not be convinced of the contrary by anything short of experience. But though a few days showed them that I could not stand their pace, and could go but a very little way towards showing them the ropes of London, there was one point where they still relied on me—the "doing" of Cambridge. I had eloquently dilated on the genial reception we were sure to meet from my old friends there, and the satisfactory way in which we were certain to be "put through." Meanwhile Taylor dropped in on me one morning, rather before the balance of our party had showed themselves, and innocently invited me to breakfast on the next day but one—nay, hearing that I had two friends with me, insisted on including them in the invitation. I, instead of two compatriots, had had as many with me as our Minister here is in the habit of presenting in a batch to the Emperor, with the convenient introduction: "Americans, Your Majesty!" Taylor, in his impulsive way, would have asked them all, and I, in my impulsive way, should have accepted them all, as I did for those two. "But mind, now," quoth Tom, "don't be a minute later than ten, for by eleven I must be at Gwydir House" (where the Board of Health was located). "Business is business, you know." On my friends' appearance, I hastened to communicate to them this first specimen of what they might expect from Cambridge men, but found them rather shy of accepting an invitation conveyed in this way. A great change has come over the foreign manners of Americans within the last fifteen or twenty years. Formerly they were as ready to seek hospitality abroad as to practice it at home. Misunderstood by Europeans, they have gone on the other tack, and are now as un-social and distrustful as John Bull himself, particularly with John Bull. However, I succeeded in overcoming my companions' hesitation, which, in truth, was not unmixed with scruples of another kind—a strong dislike to rise so early in the morning.

Unluckily, on the morrow Tom was engaged upon a great event—no less than the marriage of his chum, for there was a third joint-occupant of his chambers besides himself and Thackeray—though, indeed, Tom himself occupied his former chamber no longer, but had lodgings nearer the scene of his labors. After the happy couple had bid the world adieu, the remainder of the party became extremely jolly, and made very much of a night of it.

The reader anticipates the catastrophe. When, on the subsequent morning, we climbed Tom's three pair of stairs, behind our to-be-new host was perfectly in bed and imperfectly conscious. Young New York, already somewhat discomposed by the unwonted exertion of rising at nine, turned indignantly on its four levels and redescended. I, of course, had to stick by my townsmen, and so we "vamoosed the ranch" precipitately, leaving Taylor, now half awake, looking for his trowes with an old man, and calling to his laundry with the other.

I defy any Irishman to beat that last sentence.

Young New York was past swearing. Like the Mississippi captain on his fifty-first snag, it couldn't do the subject justice. The first simultaneous impulse of all three of us was to get back to our hotel with all possible speed, and the next, when there arrived, to order "everything in the house," which order being almost literally obeyed, we made a ferocious meal. After the rage of hunger was appeased, my companions indignation evaporated in some mild attempts at jokes. One of them wondered if Puss could not make something of our morning's adventure, and the other, in allusion to Tom's last play, "Two Loves and a Life," suggested that his next piece should be called "The Devil no More."

Tom's last effort, as developed in their minds, incredulously respecting everything Cantab. They would hardly admit that such a place as Cambridge existed, or that there was anything to see there, much less anything to eat or drink. Nevertheless, I ultimately prevailed on them to try the experiment with me, and a few days of Trinity hospitality completely dispelled their delusions in this respect; I fancy their faith in Tom has never been restored, and that while laughing at his plays, as they have doubtless often done since, the versatile author rises up in their minds merely as a great myth, living nowhere in particular, and giving imaginary breakfasts to the ghosts of his characters.

Spirit of the Times.

NEW PUBLICATIONS

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press, For the week ending April 9, 1859.

The Banker's Magazine and Statistician. Edited by J. Smith Homans. April, 1859. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

Vision of Paul Pry, the Spiritualist. Second Edition, with notes. Boston: H. W. Swett & Co. 1859.

The Life of North American Insects. By J. Baeger, late Professor of Zoology and Botany in the College of New Jersey. Assisted by H. C. Preston, M.D. With numerous illustrations from specimens in the Cabinet of the author. 12mo., pp. 319. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

The Romance and its Hero. By the author of "Malgallen Stanford." New York: Harper & Brothers. 1859.

Rob Roy. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. 1859. [Library of Sterling Novels.] Daily Thoughts for a Child. By Mrs. Thomas Goldhart. First American, from second London edition. 12mo. pp. 170. New York: Sheldon & Co. 1859.

Driver's American Railroad and Steam Navigation Guide for the United States, Canada, etc. April, 1859. New York: Dinsmore & Co. 1859.

Quentin Durward. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Co. [Library of Sterling Novels.]

Mos About Jesus. With Illustrations and a Map. By the author of "The Peep of Day," "Reading Without Tears," etc., etc. pp. 246. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Heartthrob. A Magazine of Domestic Economy, etc. March, 1859. New York: Woods & Co. 1859.

The Arguments in the Case of the Eliot School Rebellion. By Henry F. Durant for the Defence, and Sidney Webster for the Prosecution. Boston: Hubbard, W. Swett & Co. 1859.

The Life of Frederick William Von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. With an Introduction by George Bancroft. 12mo. pp. 755. New York: Mason Brothers. 1859.

Life of Frederick the Great. By Macaulay. New York: Deline & Prentiss. 1859.

The American Homoeopathic Review. Edited by Henry M. Smith. April, 1859. New York: John T. Smith & Sons.

Friar Eliot, or, Wells in the Desert. By James Challen author of "The Cave of Macbeth," etc. etc. 12mo., pp. 325. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son, Lindsay & Blakeson. 1859.

The Pillar of Fire: or, Israel in Bondage. By Rev. J. H. Ingram, Rector of Christ Church, and of St. Thomas's Hall, Holly Springs, Miss. Author of "The Prince of the House of David." 12mo. pp. 600. New York: Putney & Russell; Blakeman & Mason. 1859.

The Prince of the House of David: or, Three Years in the Holy City: being a series of the Letters of Adina, a Jewess of Alexandria, supposed to be sojourning in Jerusalem in the days of Herod, addressed to her father, a wealthy Jew in Egypt, and relating, as if by an eye-witness, all the Scenes and Wonderful Incidents in the Life of Jesus of Nazareth, from his Baptism in Jordan to his Crucifixion on Calvary. By Rev. J. H. Ingram, Rector of Christ Church, and of St. Thomas's Hall, Holly Springs, Miss. Carefully revised and corrected by the Author, expressly for this new edition. 12mo., pp. 672. New York: Putney & Russell; Blakeman & Mason. 1859.

The Life of Benjamin Franklin: containing the Autobiography, with Notes and a Continuation. Revised Edition. 8vo., pp. 612. New York: Blakeman & Mason.

General Relations of the Cities, Towns, Villages,

Counties, and States of the Union: or, the Municipalist: a highly useful book for Voters, Tax-payers, Politicians, and Families. Second Edition. 12mo. pp. 302. New York: Ross & Tousley. 1859.

The N. Y. Saturday Press.

NEW YORK, APRIL 9, 1859.

THE SICKLES-FARCE AT WASHINGTON.

We were once imprisoned sixty days in a common jail, having pronounced a trial before a New England court, to be "a ridiculous farce." It was a ridiculous farce, nevertheless, and we have therefore never repeated saying as much, though if anything will make a man repeat of no matter what, it is being sent to jail, and thus brought into direct contact with the civil authorities.

We had almost forgotten the incident; and it might never again have recurred to our mind, but for the trial now going on at Washington, on the whole, is the most ridiculous farce of the kind that has ever taken place in this, and—so far as we know—in any other country.

If one half so ridiculous should be brought out just now, at one of the theatres, it would make "Our American Cousin" run back to Vermont for very shame at his comparative want of success.

The ridiculousness of the thing consists in this, that everybody knows beforehand how the case is to be settled.

Ostensibly, the murderer Sickles is being tried for his life. In a Pickwickian sense, he stands in imminent risk of being hung by the neck until he is dead.

Out of respect to its dignity, the Court has to assume it; and out of respect to the Court, the newspapers have to assume it; and out of respect to the newspapers, the public has to assume it.

In fact, the absurd hypothesis is taken for granted all over the world.

The stability of our laws, the safety of property, the rights of the family, the interests of dishonored husbands, the cause of religion, and the respect we owe to our glorious constitution, require that this should be so.

If the contrary should be assumed, the American Eagle would drop dead on the spot; and thereto there would be no law, no order, no family, no union, no stars, no stripes, no "Institutions."

Horrific to think of!

Nevertheless, the contrary ought to be assumed—not only assumed, but asserted,—for the whole trial is a transparent humbug.

In fact there is no trial.

The matter was settled by the *rejected* jurors; the accepted jurors have nothing to do with it.

There isn't a child in the country, who doesn't know that Daniel E. Sickles is no more in danger of his life and liberty than we are.

And he might have murdered his wife, as well as her paramour, and have been equally safe.

This is the simple truth of the matter, and it might as well be stated.

The fact ought to be known to every man and woman in the country, that in a dishonored husband, murder is not a crime, but a virtue; something for which, instead of being hung, he ought to be saluted.

Laws are provided to suit his case, but they are to be treated as a dead letter.

He murders his foe, and spits in the face of justice at the same time, and the whole world applauds him for it.

We do not complain of this, but only call attention to it, that we may all know where we stand, and what a mockery law is in some of the most serious emergencies of life.

The only person who is really punished in this whole affair, is Mr. Sickles.

The community has got its back up at her, and with all the fury of an enraged cat, hisses at her as if she were a feral in human form.

—perpetual banishment from society, and to eternal disgrace.

All this in defense of the honor of husbands!

The honor of wives may be tampered with to any extent, and society still be safe. In fact, it is tampered with to an extent beyond the power of statement, and society is as safe as a thief in a mill.

And the world—the American world, especially—prides itself on its gallantry to women! Prides itself on its gallantry to women, and then when one of them imitates her lordly husband, and violates the nuptial vow, tramples her in the mud, and elevates him to the skies as a martyr.

In a few days—possibly before these indignant paragraphs are in print—Daniel E. Sickles will be a free man and once more a successful candidate for public honors.

He can safely resign his seat, and leave his case in the hands of his constituents, who will reflect him all but unanimously.

If he decides to go abroad—as is intimated in some of the papers,—he can 'travel on his dishonor' through out the civilized world, and be as safe as a bully travelling on his muscle. Nay, be a lion; and as such be shown up in every social menagerie in Europe, as worthy of all homage for the brutal pluck with which he murdered the man who dishonored him, and tore the heart out of his wife.

The world is a great pluck-worshipper!

And how plucky it is to murder a man for what you yourself have done a hundred times, and are only too slow to do again!

And how plucky too, and how manly, to put a woman on an entirely different footing, and compel her to submit with meekness to what, in your own case, you claim the right of revenging with snarl!

We haven't the patience to write coherently about the matter; especially in view of the stupendous farce now going on in Washington, every detail of which is printed in the papers, and devoured by the people, as if it were a bona fide trial.

If Sickles's life were in real danger, the case would be different. But everybody knows that it is not. Everybody knows that this solemn array of counsel, this solemn impanelling of juries, this solemn arraignment of the prisoner, this solemn despatch of the court, and points of law, this solemn despatch of the jury, these solemn and stupid reports—mean absolutely nothing.

Any life insurance company in New York would insure Sickles's life to-day on as favorable terms as if he were not now on trial. In fact, there is not doubt enough about the matter to make it worth while to bet on up. So at least the sporting men think, and they stand agast at it.

Why, then, didn't the District Attorney enter a nolle, at once, and save the country the spectacle of this wretched farce?

Why not, in fact, have the statute-book so amended as to make it legal to murder the man who ventures to dishonor a husband?

Why? The answer is obvious. The law would have to be so expressed as to work both ways—giving the dishonored wife, as well as the dishonored husband, the privilege of murder.

And then what would become of Society?

THE COOPER INSTITUTE.

Mayor Tammann has transmitted to the Board of Councilmen a statement of the receipts and disbursements of the Peter Cooper Institute, from May 1, 1858, to January 1, 1859, in compliance with the charter of that institute. The rest of the hall has brought in \$2,916, the stores of the ground story \$1,067 50. Other receipts have amounted to \$6 05; \$1,701 50 have been paid for help; \$567 23 for furnishing the institute. Fuel and gas have cost \$337 55. Sundry other expenses have amounted to \$131 50, showing a balance in the treasury of \$225 53.

Mr. Webb, the superintendent, states that the build-

ing, exclusive of the ground, has already involved outlay of \$427,566 72. The present value per square foot on which the building stands is \$200, making the total value of the property \$85,527.

Will any one inform us whether the Cooper Institute has ever been made over to the city? Also will any, gratuitously benefit the public have given itself to it?

In a word, in what sense is the Cooper Institute a philanthropic, or even a public institution?

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THE SATURDAY PRESS.

of Mowers, Miller, Mathews & Clasback, corner of Broadway and Eighth street.

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Chess Column.

The New York Saturday Press.

April 9, 1859

Replies and Remarks.

The *Scars of Lazarus* of Bishop of Cremona, is one of the most elegant specimens of modern Latin verse extant. It has been many times rendered into English. But Twiss commits an error when he states that the first translation was that of Erskine in 1756. It was translated more than a hundred and fifty years earlier. Pope, in his *Essay on Criticism*, says of the bard of Cremona—

...imperial bays, and critic's ivy grow."

And Warton thus speaks of the poem: "It was a happy choice to print a poem on Chess; nor is the execution less happy. The various stratagems and manifold intricacies of this ingenious game, so difficult to be described in Latin, are here expressed with the greatest perspicuity and elegance; so that, perhaps, the game might be learned from this description."

We have been exceedingly struck by the varied contents of the Chess department of *Fried's Lewis*, of late. One month the Chess editor discusses the following topics: "Brooklyn Club," "Frie's Chessmen," "Frie's Tournament." The following month, as if to prove the correctness of the old proverb about variety and spice, we find the entire programme changed, and these subjects introduced:

"Frie's Tournament," "Frie's Chessmen," "Brooklyn Club." But no sooner have the succeeding four weeks passed away, than the editor alters his tack again, and proceeds to dilate upon "Frie's Chessmen," "Brooklyn Club," and "Frie's Tournament." Are we to argue from these facts that the Chess column is only read by the players of Brooklyn?

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— A short French poem is given in the *Reverend R. Lamb's History of Chess*, which was intended to be attached to the Chess board. It closes with the following bit of com- mon sense:

"Your hand suggests a scheme, look round,
Perhaps a better may be found."

— Quite an avalanche of Chess books has lately been poured upon the patient public of America. We shall endeavor to review them all next week.

— The Problems of J. W. and O. W. are under examination.

MARTHA HOPKINS.

(A Parody of Bayard Taylor's Material.)
In the kitchen, Martha Hopkins as she stood there making pie,
South and looked along the turnpike, with her hand above her eyes,
Where the distant hillside, her yearning better feeds,
And a little grass is growing in a mighty sight of weeds.

All the air is full of noise, for there isn't any school,
And boys with upturned pantaloons, are wading in the pool;
Blithely hop unnumbered chickens, cackling for they cannot laugh;
Where the airy summits brighten, nimble leaps a little calf.

Teeth eyes of Martha Hopkins tell me, therefore do ye gaze on the ground that's being furrowed for the planting of the maize?

Tell me, therefore, down the valley, ye do trace the turnpike way,

Far beyond the cattle pasture, and the brickyard, with its clay?

Ah! the dogwood tree may blossom, and the dooryard green and white;

With the tears of amber dropping from the washing on the line,

And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her freckled cheek;

Little recketh Martha Hopkins of the tales of Spring they speak.

When the Summer's burning solstice on the scanty harvest fields, he had, pursuant to announcement, on Saturday last, at the Cooper Institute. The use of room No. 23 was gratuitously granted them, and it is well adapted to the purposes of the club. The meeting was well attended, and much interest was manifested in the objects of the association.

The following are the preamble and constitution:

Believing that public and private happiness and prosperity are best secured through virtuous, intelligent, and benevolent men, and feeling that the welfare of domestic economy, and the interests of households, would be advanced by a thorough discussion of every question pertaining thereto, and to the welfare of man generally.

Resolved, That we form ourselves into an association for promoting the objects specified in the foregoing preamble, and adopt the following:

Art. 1. This Association shall be called "The Hearthstone Club."

Art. 2. The officers of the "Hearthstone Club" shall consist of a President and Secretary, and be elected from the ladies, members of the Club, by a majority of the members present at any regular meeting of the Club, when the election to take place.

Art. 3. A meeting of the Club shall be held once each month, for the discussion of such matters as shall properly come before it. Special meetings may be held as often as the Club may deem important.

Art. 4. Members may be elected to the Club upon their names being presented at its regular meeting, and receiving the approval of a majority of the members present at such meeting.

Art. 5. The proceedings of this Club shall be governed by the ordinary parliamentary rules.

The following resolution was offered and discussed at a former meeting:

Resolved, That the members of the "Hearthstone Club" be requested to furnish information, germane to the objects of this club, either in the form of original sketches, essays, books, pamphlets, etc. It may perhaps be necessary to make some arrangement, however, household utensils and machinery, house-furnishing, warming and lighting, household expenses and economies, domestic family hygiene, the management and education of children, and any question of interest pertaining to the welfare of woman.

The meeting having been called to order by the President, Mrs. Johnson, the minutes of the preceding meeting were read and approved. Miss M. L. Booth was chosen Recording Secretary. The Secretary, Mrs. Grove, apologized for not having prepared a written address upon the objects of the association, but explained them briefly to those present. The Committee upon Recent Household Inventions not being ready to report, some essays were read: one upon "Conversation," by Mrs. Wilbour; another upon "Tea." Others were postponed for want of time. The essay upon "Tea" excited considerable discussion in regard to the effect of tea and coffee used as beverages. Quite a number of new members were elected. After the transaction of some general business, the Club adjourned for one month, to meet at the same place.

This association has been formed under favorable auspices, and its objects command it to popular favor. The subjects of domestic economy and the welfare of woman could be much advanced by a thorough discussion of every question pertaining thereto. The whole is within the province of woman; and it remains to be seen how definitely an association consisting of and conducted by women can work to secure benefits to the sex. We feel sufficient interest to suggest that but little can be attained by desultory proceedings, that the managers should insist upon definiteness of action, and that earnestness and usefulness will be necessary to command the club to popular favor. With these qualifications we wish it abundant success.—Eve. Post.

M U L T A G E M E N S .

BY GRO. H. BOKER.

Some say I make parades of pain,
Through half the measure of my song,
And mark the weetness of my strain
With dismal shrieks at crime and wrong.

It may be so: I can but sing, but
For that my heart is sorely grieved, drawn:
The poor bird, stricken with the wing,
Becks little how his note may sound.

This cry of pain goes through the land;
It fills my ear: it will not pass:
Life's brightest and most golden sand
Runs graining through the narrow glass.

Show me the man whose wondrous ways
Lead not through care and misery,
Who has not seen the sun set, all his days,
And I will sing in jubilee.

I do not say our journey goes
Without some roses there and here;
Although short seasons has the rose,
The thorns are growing all the year.

I quarrel not with human nature,
I every not the man who steals,
His hard-wring pictures from the earth,
And marks the weetness of his theft.

I shall not enter at his doleful song,
With dolorous, dolorous, dolorous song;
The common right of your neglect,
I sing for him who feels the thorn.

I neither ask your praise nor blame,
I sought demand, and sought expect;
I only ask, what I may claim,
The common right of your neglect.

I care not who are deaf, who hear,
And sing the poor, the groan, the shout,
That bears my song must seek it out.

And if it be a man or sight,
Unwelcome, foolish, as you deem,
I pray you pass me lightly by,
And leave the dream to me.

— Phila. Eve. Bulletin.

THE WOMAN WHO LIVES WITHOUT EATING.

A correspondent at Glen's Falls, noticing our recent paragraph concerning the detection of the imposture said to be practised by Mrs. Hays, who pretends to live without eating, denies the fact of such detection. He says that the committee appointed to investigate the matter instituted a watch of six persons, who were to continue twenty-one days unless sooner convinced of the imposture. The bed on which she lay was moved to the centre of the room, and the clothing carefully examined. No person but the committee and Mr. Hays were allowed to go into the room, and the latter not within ten feet of the bed. On the fourteenth day a piece of a single cracker was found in the bed, and this is the only indication of any kind that appeared to show the presence or use of food. Our correspondent states that the member of the committee who found the cracker was the near relative of a man who had offered to bet \$500 that the whole thing was an imposition. The investigation, therefore, seems to settle nothing.—N.Y. Times.

FANNY FERN.

Don't accuse me of a want of variety to-day. Now you shall have a sketch of Fanny Fern—a woman so independent, that if her picture did not suit her, I think that she would not deign to strike me in the face with her parasol. Fanny is one of the moving institutions of Broadway. Every day that is decent, she may be seen, as regularly as the walking advertisements of the "Destruction of Jerusalem"; sometimes arm in arm with her husband, sometimes arm in arm with her daughter, sometimes alone, taking "peeps from under her parasol." She has an imperious tread, carries her head as if she owned the whole of New York, with an hundred possessions beyond; and if what I read of her long ago is true, she does "take nine eyes out of ten." Not that she is so handsome, but she is striking. Neither is she homely; the worst thing that can be said of her looks is, that she bears a slight resemblance to her brother, N. P. Willis, the immortal hyacinth, who is not now, whatever he may once have been, an agreeable looking man. Fanny is about five feet four, with a graceful form and springy steps; she must be forty; sports a profusion of light brown hair, which have just escaped the appellation "sandy." They cluster over her forehead, making it look both high and narrow. She has light blue eyes, prominent

— In his recent charge to the jury, in the Stephens murder case, Judge Roosevelt, with remarkable candor, said: "We have the highest authority for saying, 'all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Now, by reference to the 2d chapter and 4th verse of the book of Job, we find the 'high authority' referred to by the Judge: 'And Satan answered the Lord and said, skin for skin, ye all that a man hath will he give for his life.'

— Out of 9,000 elms which three years ago adorned the Champs-Elysées, in Paris, 2,500 are dead, and 2,000 are in a dying state. Upwards of 800 are staked to have perished by gas exhalations.

The Saturday Press Book List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING APRIL 9, 1859.

The List of "New Books" and "Books of Price" which we publish, every week, at great cost of both time and money, is carefully compiled from the most authentic sources, and is the most complete and reliable list of the kind which has ever been published either in this country or in Europe. It is not prepared in the interest or at the expense (directly or indirectly) of the Bookselling Trade, but exclusively at our own cost, and with the sole object of giving additional value to the columns of The SATURDAY PRESS.

N. B.—In order to avoid misapprehension, we take this opportunity of informing Booksellers and Publishers, throughout the country, that if we send them The SATURDAY PRESS, whether regularly or occasionally, it is for the sole purpose of suggesting to them the obvious propriety of forwarding us advance copies of their Catalogues and Announcements. This explanation becomes necessary from the fact that, in two or three instances, it has been inferred that our object in sending the paper was to secure subscriptions and advertisements: we are, of course, very glad to receive favors of that kind, but when it becomes necessary for us to solicit them, we shall do so in express terms.

REMARKS.

1. Under the head of "Books in Price" are included not only books actually in the hands of the printer, but those announced as in preparation.

2. Under the head of "AMERICAN" and "ENGLISH" are included reprints and translations.

3. The List being entirely new every week (except in case of certain standard or otherwise important works which we occasionally insert two or three times), it is important that those who depend upon it for their book-information should preserve the paper on file.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

HISTORICAL.

History of the State of Rhode Island. By Samuel Greene Arnold. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

Pioneer History; or Cortland County and the Border Wars of New York, from the earliest period to the present time. By H. C. Goodwin. New York: A. B. Burdick.

SCIENTIFIC.

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